BETWEEN THE TWO. (Allthe Year Round.)

CHAPTER I. The two houses stood side by side on the white, dusty road which leads out of St. Zite toward Toulouse. The front-doors opened abruptly on to the atroitoir;" the front windows looked straight on to the busy highway; and, on reception days, when the outside n reception days, when the outside on your own resources?" And chutters were opened, an inquisitive Gabrielle looked into her lover's face eser-by could see between the white with an air of conviction. stains what visitors had come to pay our respects to Mme. Amboise inc. Lecambre; but reception days only came once a week, and the draw-

room shutters were generally closed. There was more life at the back of the cuses, in the shady, graveled coareearl, where old Monsieur Lacambre
id his chickens, where Monsieur le
commandant Amboise smoked his
commandant Amboise smoked his
really—Listen, there is my aunt calling.
Yes, ma tante, I come. cuses, in the shady, gravelled courtand Amboise sat with their work on mer evenings, discussing businesschiefly other people's; where the five balitevous Amboise children dirtied later their pinafores to the distrac-in of their Cousin Gabrielle, and resistones at Monsieur Lacambre's skens whenever a favorable oppor-

From whichever side you took obvation they were not romantie-look houses-to speak truly, they were trally commonplace; but to Joel Chester, professor of English at the College of St. Zite, the one enchanted spot of the whole world was one of these two bouses in the Faubourg Champenstier, and Thursday afterneers, when he gave an English lesson to the Amboise children, were the red-Commandent, who sat with the chilpen while Joel administered his doses
had taken possession of speaks volumes, and had to be treated
to be treated.

In his personal appearand of all that any enthusiastic young lover can lay at the feet of his first love.

Joel was just six-and-twenty. He was tall and fair, broad shouldered and erect, with blue-gray eyes and bright brown hair. He was generally acknowedged to be handsome and agreeable, and he was decidedly clever; alto-rether, the sum total of his good quales made up a very fascinating man. at there was one thing against him which all his advantages could not cover up or disguise—lie was lamenta-ily poor, and there seemed small hance of his growing richer. So, when a reckoned his calendar and adjusted parried her at once, they would have st possible notice, which would have ave anything but a desirable climax their romantic attachment.
I suppose if Gabriella had been the

aughter of Madame Amboise instead fonly her nicee by marriage she would of have been left alone with a handche; but Madame had not been eircumspect, and the mischief—if mischief
it were—had every opportunity for
crowing. Joel seized his opportunity
after a certain lesson when the children

Just then Monsieur Adolphe, as if to 1-this was Mademoiselle Ga- proved Parisian style. supulation-to keep the secret and put an end to their romance glance.

Monsieur Adolphe acknowledged the

oth poverty and one thing or and during her twenty three years of their past contained little that was their past contained little that was the had not un.

"Mademoiselle is, doubless, myself, a visitor to St. Zite?" he said, interrogatively.

Mademoiselle smiled demurely and pleasant to recall, and she had not until now found any charm in looking forward to the future. As it was, she saw—she would have profited very little by what she knew of the world's ways had she failed to see—that her having seen you here before," ways had she failed to see—that her elandestine engagement was quite as likely to bring her nothing but reverty after a long, weary waiting, if it did not bring her worse trials; but it was pleasant to love, to be level, to have some one to dream of while one was darning stockings or repleasining the ever-diminishing stock of synaftyres; it was pleasant to drift of synaftyres; it was pleasant to drift in the place of the stocking of the stock Lacambre's inexhaustible gossip or her qually interminable stories of her son passionate eyes fixed on her face, while the children bangled and stumbled ever their translation; and pleasanter still to listen to his sweet stolen words when the lesson was over and become tared to linger for a few minutes in the dingy school-room. Truly, these were times when Gabrielle would lay her tands in her lap and wonder what she had done to deserve such a sudden to deserve such a sudden of them and Leone back to St. Zita to of them and Leone back to St. Zita to had done to descrive such a sudden sterious burst of sunshine.

So the summer slipped away; the longest day came and went; the chickers which the children had chased on

the memorableday of Joal's declaration were nearly fit to be killed and eaten; the peaches were ripening out of the children's reach in the July sunshine. in the regular course of events Joel Zite for his annual holiday, and of oing to rejoice the eyes of his mother.
England, who very properly condered him to be one of the best and sidered him to be one of the finest sons a mother ever had. The helidays were so near that he had come to give his last lesson for the present at the Maison Amboise. The task of teaching English to a French child is a company of the company of th by no means an enviable occupation, yet Joel felt truly sorry when he closed he books that day and sent the unruly laboise children rushing into the free-

lem of their holidays.

"And you will be going to England,
suppose?" queried Mademoiselle Garrielle, as Joel, with a somewhat dolerielle, as Joel, with a somewhat dolerielle. al face, watched her collect the books don't know, my darling. I don't

feel as if I could go to England this Why not?" demands Mademoselle

with great naivete. "You surely would not pass your holiday here?" "Wouldn't I, indeed?" cried Joel.

"If it wasn't rather rough on the mother not to go and see her, do you think I would for one moment think of leaving you for two months?"

"Pooh," replied she, but she did not look as if the mount to supplying the look as if she meant to snub him; "two months will soon pass; though, after

all, the time is really six weeks. Six weeks is gone like nothing at all." Yes, yes, when you don't want it to pe-like the last six weeks-but when one is impatient for the end of it, it is

"Then don't be impatient," said Ga brielle philosophically. "Why should you? Nothing can stop the time from "You bard-hearted child," cried Joel,

only half in jest. "Remember we can't write to one another; at least I can't write to you, and the sight of you is what I lies to." is what I live for. "My dear Joel," said Mademoiselle

Gabrielle, with an air of superiority, 'I am not hard-hearted, and I am

here instead of going to England. Of course, as you say, for your mother's sake that would be impossible—but if could not hear, but of which she but the Commandant's eloquence was you did how should we be the better You would not be coming to the house for the children's lessons. All the college people would be away; we should perhaps have two or three chance words with one another under every one's eye in some stupid drawingroom. What is that compared to the cunui of six weeks at St. Zite thrown

'The ennui would not be fatal," said Joel plaintively, "If I go to England—at least, of course I am going, but I shall not stay all the time there. I shall come back, and as to seeing one another only in formal visits, that need

I must go. Yes, ma tante, I come. Good-bye, my dearest. I will write to you if I possibly can. Yes, I will, and you must think of me; but to meet and Mademoiselle Gabrielle shook her head sadly but decidedly. "Yes, yes, ma tante, I come. I do but finish laying aside the books."

CHAPTER II.

The Maison Lacambre was en fete. The only son was coming to spend a month with his parents. Madame Lamonth with his parents. Madame La-cambre wore her best black silk, and Mensieur had discarded his usual home costume of dressing gown and carpet slippers for an alpaca coat and boots. Amboise children were overawed into orderly behavior, and the chickens the Amboise children, were the red-etter days by which he reckoned his alendar and dated his hopes; for Ga-had not struck the death-knell of the plumpest of them.

For Monsieur Adolphe was a great

accordingly. In his personal appearance he was perhaps a little disappointing—at least Gabrielle Amboise found him disappointing, but then her beau ideal was an uncommonly well favore specimen of humanity, with whom Mr. Adolphe's short stature, sallow complexion, and small, irregular features and not enter into comparison. As to age, he must have been on the downhill side of forty, and his years had written themselves on his forehead and round his eyes, and had traced out sun-

dry white streaks in his hair.

All this Gabrielle saw with a half glance, as she sat with her aunt on the amboise side of the courtyard; while Mr. Adolphe and his parents sauntered, Maison Amboise, he was a sadly foolish fellow, for Gabrielle was poor, too, isoter than himself; and if he could have realized his dream of bliss and ma tante?" she murmured to Madame Amboise. "To hear Madame Lacambre talk one would have fancied him an

"He is not amiss." replied Madame inhorse indulgently. "If he were not Amboise indulgently. "If he were not so round-shouldered I think he would

be quite passable."
"You are charitable, ma tante." "Handsome is that handsome does," returned Madame Amboise. "Mon

dust then Monsieur Adolphe, as if to allow a better opportunity for observation of Monsieur Lacambre's wrath, upstairs, had pleaded his cause and it. They promised to love one to be the control of the promised to love one to be the control of the promised to love one to be the control of the promised to love one to be the promised to be the promised to be the promised to love one to be the promised to be promised to love one to be the promised to be

ulation—to keep the secret omiso strictly to themor guardians should take a boise," said the elder lady, observing iter of last view of Joel's pros- the direction of Monsieur Adolphe's

Ashistony ided to both of introduction by a still more consum-

"I have lived with my uncle and aunt

of pinafores; it was pleasant to drift away down the current of sweet recollection and to lose the thread of Madame electron and to lose the thread of Madame school-boy speech; yet she felt at the same time more than a little flattered

of them, and I come back to St. Zite to realize how long my absence has been by seeing all the changes that have taken place. Your charming children, for instance, Madame—I could scarcely have recognized them, devoted as I am "Yes, indeed," replied Madame Am

boise, with maternal preoccupation,
"they do grow wonderfully fast, especially Madeleine."
"How very charming!" answered

Monsieur Adolphe, quite irrelevantly.
It was not a brilliant conversation but it was more memorable than any other in which Monsieur Adolphe had other in which Monsieur Adolphe had ever joined. As he said, "How very charming!" at haphazard, and looked down on the dark curly hair and piquant face of Monsieur Amboise's niece, he was conscious of a most unusual sensation in the region of his heart which impelled him to talk anything sense or nonsense, so that he thing, sense or nonsense, so that he could win a glance from those bright brown eyes which looked so nonchabrown eyes which looked so hondar-lantly across the courtyard while he stood beside her.
"You have seen Paris, of course, Mademoiselle?" he said presently, no

more original remark occurring to him.

"No, Mousieur; I have not. You will consider me terribly provincial, no doubt, but I must admit that I only know the life of Paris by hearsay."

"And what opinion have you formed of Paris by hearsay?"
"Well," returned Gabrielle, amused by the solemnity of his manner. "I have gathered that it must be vastly more amusing than life in St. Zite."

"It is very bright and gay and attractive-outwardly. There is always a great deal to be seen and thought of and a great deal of work to be done; but for me it is a very lonely life—a life the charm of which has long passed

Monsieur Adolphe spoke pathetically and as if he were dealing with an old subject of lamentation, yet in truth this was the very first time it had ever occurred to him to describe his bachelor mittenes as lonely.

existence as lonely.

"Have you not many friends in Paris,
then?" asked Gabrielle.

"Oh, yes, friends as far as they go;

but it is when one gets a chance view of domestic life—of a true, homelike interior-that one's own forlorn condition becomes apparent.
"We shall expect, then, to hear soon

"We shall expect, then, to hear soon that your reasoning will want sweetening to make it go down. You are going to say that you cannot write to me either."

"Oh, no; I am not going to say anything of the sort. I was going to say the sort. I was going to say the sort. I was going to say anything of the sort. I was going to say anything the s

he numured something which she could not hear, but of which she caught the word "happiness." After which he bade the ladies good evening and beat a hasty retreat and followed his parents into the house.

'It would be amusing if he were to have fallen in love after all," said Madame Amboise, as the door of the Maison Lacambre closed. "It would be really very funny."

"it would be still more funny," said Gabrielle, "if any one had fallen in love with him. Ma, foi, ma tante, he is painfully plain at close quarters; fancy having to sit opposite to such a face every day of one's life!"
"I meant no allusion to his looks,"

replied Madame Amboise somewhat se verely, " he has other attractions; and I have no doubt that if he did make an offer to any woman he would more probably be accepted than refused. Good heavens, ma tante, how could he make an offer of marriage? He scarcely knows how to talk to a woman

Did any one ever hear such wooden re marks as he makes?" "Ah well, Gabrielle, you no doubt can afford to be critical—you, who are so richly endowed, can require every man who goes a-wooing to have a fine face, a good figure, brilliant wits, and a handsome fortune; but let me tell you that a girl of sense prefers the solid to

"Ah well, ma tante," returned Ga-brielle, unmoved by the sareasm of this reproof, "it will be time enough to scold me for deprecating Monsieur Adolphe when he comes wooing me. In the mean time it matters very little what I think or say of him."

Perhaps Monsieur Adolphe's devotion to the Amboise children was genuine anyhow, it was extremely well assumed He lost no time in renewing his ac quaintance with them and in laying iege to such of their affections as was o be won by lavish presents of bon-

bons and toys. 'He's not half bad," commented the children in the course of a fortnight He met us yesterday afternoon up at St. Antoine, and he bought us a lot of peaches out of the garden of the woman who keeps the wax-candles for the shrine, and we sat on the grass by the chapel steps and ate them. Oh! it's grand fun when Monsieur Adolphe meets us out for a walk. He talks to Gabrielle, and we do just as we please. Gabrielle never looks at us."

It was quite true. Monsieur Adolphe had a wonderful gift of meeting with the Amboise party "en promenale," and then of finding a good reason to join them—or, rather, to join Ga-brielle—while the children ran helterkelter behind and before them. More over, in the evening after dinner he in-variably joined the group of ladies in the courtyard in preference to stroll-ing out along the boulevards with his ather and the Command .nt.

It was very evident whither all this was tending, and Madame Amboise already admitted to herself that when lensieur Adolphe did make an offer of marriage it would matter very vastly what Gabrielle thought of him and of it. What she did think it was not easy surmise. Since that first evenis she had made no remarks to her aunt in confidence respecting their neigh-

or's son. Madame Amboise was puzzled by her reticence, yet it was plain that she did not discourage her clderly admirer, and, from the long, pensive fits that sometimes came over the girl, her aunt thought it possible that his marked attentions might be making a conquest of ner prejudices.

They had not long to wait. Before

bree weeks of Monsieur Adolphe's oliday had gone by there came an fternoon when he dressed himself in a olemn, closely-fitting frock coat and irrepreachable continuations; put his extremities into the glossiest of hats, and boots, and marched with a esolute step out of his parents' front door to that of the adjacent house. He was on his way to make a formal de-mand for the hand of Monsieur le Commandant's penniless niece. It was a ceremonious visit. The Commandant professed himself overwhelmed with the honor done him in the person of

his adopted daughter.

The avocat declared that it was he himself and no other whom honor would be done, since one smile or one word from the peerless Mademoiselle Gabrielle was of more value to him than any distinction with which he

might be tempted.
"You know, cher Monsieur," said
the Commandant with a shade of hesitation, "that my late lamented brother had losses in business. My niece is absolutely and entirely without dowry, and I am not in a position to rectify deficiency."
Monsieur Adolphe waved his shiny

glove with the air of a man who dis-misses a trifling question. "To a sordid dowry of pounds, shillings, and pence I am utterly indifferent. The ady's own charms form a dowry more precious in my eyes than a diamond-

To a negotiation armed on in this pirit there could be but one conclusion. Monsieur Amboise was only too deghted to give his unqualified consent to the avocat's unexpected proposal, and to feel assured, as he bowed his isitor out that here was a very comortable solution to the uncomfortable problem of his niece's future.

That evening full liberty was accordd to the Amboise children to run whithersoever the spirit of mischief might lead them, while solemn con-clave was held by their seniors over the nomentous question of Monsieur dolphe's proposal.

"I wish, ma niece," began Mon-sieur le Commandant, "to have a few minutes' conversation with you on a most important subject-I mean about our future. Let me see, you are, I believe, three-and-twenty years of

'Three-and-twenty!" cried Madame Amboise. "My dear Charles she was nearly four and twenty when she came

nearly four and twenty when she came to us last May year."

"Ah, indeed," replied the Com-mandant. "You don't really say so?
I should scarcely have believed the time had flown so fast."

"No one grows younger naturally, mon ami," returned Madame Amboise;
"tend relation more serious is that when and what is more serious is that when a girl has passed the age of four-and-twenty without a single offer of marriage she has a fair chance of being an

"Yes, indeed," added Monsieur Am old maid." boise. "And when, moreover, as in our niece's case, the girl has not a sou to bless herself with, offers of marriage

are scarcely to be expected."

Gabrielle's understanding would have needed to be far duller than it actually was for her not to have seen whither all

this was leading.
"I suppose," she suggested, "that all men do not fall in love with money." I don't suppose," replied her aunt,

"that any man positively falls in love with money; but when a man thinks of marrying money is necessary, and, as a rule, a young man cannot afford to overlook a dowry."

"And the few who can afford it are

not sufficiently generous," said the Commandant, fingering his trump card with great satisfaction before he played it; but his diplomacy in coming to the point counted for nothing as far as conealment was concerned. From his ast word Gabrielle knew for a certainty that Monsieur Adolphe wanted to make her his wife.
"Now, Gabrielle," pursued her un

"Now, Gabrielle," pursued her uncle,
"there is nothing your aunt and I would like better than to see you comfortably married to a man on whose
character we could rely. Until lately
we have seen no prospect of our desire being fulfilled. To-day your hand
has been formally asked in marriage—

too prolix for his wife.
"Come, Gabrielle," she cried, interrupting him. "Guess who it is; I'li give you three guesses," "
"I don't need to guess," replied Gabrielle. "I know without guessing; who else could it be but Monsieur

Adolphe Lacambre?" "Why, you sly little puss, you have gone and lost your heart to him; after all the cutting remarks you made about him at first. You needn't deny it. You have gone crimson. It's perfectly delicious!" and Madame Amboise clapped her hands.

"It is an exceptionally good match for any girl," said Monsieur Amboise. Then they went on talking it over they asked her no more questions they took her willing consent for grant ed. Gabrielle's color came and went; her heart beat at double speed. A number of sweet memories and solemn promises came crowding into her mind; what could she do? It would be so dreadful to cast down her guardian's bright expectations by telling him that she was bound by promises he knew nothing of to marry a man whom he would never allow her to marry.

She had heard and read of people playing fast and loose with vows and promises; she had always considered such characters, especially the female ones, excessively wicked. She did not wish to be wicked herself, and she did not wish to break poor Joel's heart; on the other hand, she did not want to be poor all her life; and, as to hearts, Monsieur Adolphe had a heart, too. At his time of life a refusal would make him very unhappy, and last, but not least, she dared not—she positively dared not—tell the story of herengagement with Joel while he was far away in England. She had never foreseen anything like this; she was perfectly helpless, and she knew that she would be miserable whichever way she de-

"I expect the Lacambres will come this evening," said the Commandant, in-conclusion, "to hear the result of our deliberations. When shall we say you can be ready, Gabrielle? You know Monsieur Adolphe is past the waiting age, he will be in a hurry to have the

time fixed." "In six weeks or so, I should think, said Madame Amboise, " or a couple of months at the latest. N'est ce pas, Gabrielle?

"You know best, ma tante," replied Gabrielle submissively; and, having said that, she knew that the die was cast; that she was so far on the down hill road that turning back was all bu impossible, and that she had yielded without a struggle, even without co-ercion, every claim to womanly constancy and womanly truth.

CHAPTER III.

It was 9 o'clock one Friday morning, about ten days after Monsieur Adolphe Lacambre had been accepted as the affianced husband of Gabrielle Amboise, 9 o'clock on Friday morn ing-that is to say, it was market-day in St. Zite, and the busiest hour of market-day to boot.

In the narrow, ill-paved Grande

Place there was a dense crowd of buyers and sellers, struggling for elbow room, and chaffering and bartering as if their hope of future happiness depended on the economizing of two or three sons, more or less. The air was heavy with the odor of richly-ripened fruits, and alive with a hubbub of gutteral patois and cackling of poultry. Every was busy, every one was in a hurry, and what with the heat and the noise and the crowd, and the difficul-ty of getting the upper hand in a bargain, every one was more or less out of temper. At least, not quite every one, for Joel Chester was in the throng, returned from England a full week earlier than he was due at the self in St. Zite that he was in a radiant good humor with every one-even with the clumsy folks who trod on his toes. In fact these trifling inconveniences passed almost unnoticed, for he was looking for Gabrielle Amboise. She al-ways came to market on a Friday morning, carrying a portemonnaie, while old Marie in attendance carried a big bas-ket. They did the bargaining in true St. Zite fashion, and it generally took a very long while to make the basket as heavy as Marie could carry it, and the perfementaie no lighter than good management would allow.

Joel, from the vantage ground of his superior stature, scanned the crowd eagerly, but not impatiently. He should see her—that was enough. He had missed her for nearly six weeks, a few minutes more or less at the end of that was nothing. Meanwhile more than one seductive offer of merchandise

was made to him.
"Monsieur wants a fine melon?" called out a white-capped market-"Or a fine basket of mushrooms, or

some potatoes?" suggested her neigh-"Be quiet, stupid!" cried a third

dost thou not see it is the Anglais who s en pension with the Maliverts? One does not buy vegetables when one is en pension. Tiens, Monsieur, see what I can sell you," and she held up a bunch of late roses. "Five sous to Monsieur," she added, seductively. 'There is not a bouquet like it in the whole market.' So Joel secured it, and paid his five

sous without demur-prices, you see, differ somewhat between Covent Garden and St. Zite. Then, as he looked np, the sunshine grew more radiant, the noisy market became an illuminated garden of Paradise; his exile was over. At the further end of the Grand Place, anxiously intent on the baskets of poultry, stood Gabrielle, his own dear Gabrielle. It was wonderful, considering the manifold obstacles between them, how quickly Joel made his way to her.

"They are chickens well worth three francs, Mesdames," the poulterer was

saying."
"You jest, Monsieur," returned Gabrielle, with becoming housewifely gravity; "such a price is absurd, ridiculous. My aunt told me," she went on, turning to the servant—but as she turned she saw Joel. A hot blush covered her face and neck; then a terriered her face and neck; then a terrible chill seemed to wrap her round from head to feet. She had not expected his return for at least a week she had intended to write and have some kind of explanation with him she had never imagined meeting him suddenly, face to face, and she had no idea what she should say to him.

"My darling," he said softly, "I have startled you. Forgive me for making such an abrupt appearance. It

making such an abrupt appearance. It is so delicious to see you again."
"Mon Dieu!" gasped Gabrielle,
"you did indead startle me. I was thinking of you this morning, and I said to myself, 'He has now about a week more in England." week more in England." "And you are glad to find you miscalculated? Say it was a nice mistake

to have made."

to have made."

"Oh yes, yes, of course; but you mustn't stand here in the market talking to me. There is no end to the things people will say."

"I don't care," returned Joel, andaciously; "let them say what they like. I have such a lot to say myself."

"But I care," remonstated Gabrielle. "I care very much, and you ought not to make me uncomfortable. I, too, have things to tell you; but I cannot tell them you here."

"Then when and where will you tell me? When could you manage a walk

"Then when and where will you tell
me? When could you manage a walk
by the river? Every minute I have
been away things have been coming
into my head that I wanted to say to
you. Can't Marie settle about those
stupid chickens without you? See, I
have brought you these roses,"

people tooking at us who will rejoice in making mischief of this; no, really, I

"Mademoiselle, see," says Marie at this juncture, "the woman gives us the chickens for fifty sous." "Very good," says Gabrielle, but she says it in the same tone of voice with which she might have said "very had."

Then Marie leads the way to the fruit-seller's. She sees it is no use to wait for Mademoiselle to-day, and she feels that it is very trying to have this young man come and talk to Mademoi-selle under the eyes of all St. Zite. She wonders what on earth he is saying, and what Monsieur Adolphe would say if he knew. It is rather lucky that he has gone over to Cohors, and is not likely to be walking through the market that morning.

"I implore you," says Gabrielle to Joel, who is still walking beside her,

"I implore you to go away." "I am going," returns Joel dejectedly. "I suppose it's no use doing anything else. I'm sorry I've bothered you. You see, during six weeks' absence from the place, I had forgotten there was any one in it but you. Bu before I go, when do you think the chil dren will begin their lessons again? "I really don't know. I have heard nothing about it; perhaps they won't

Joel was quite puzzled, her manner was so strange.
"Oh, that is too much of a good
"Oh, that is too much of a good
"You thing," he answered quickly. "You must insist on their having lessons. It's our only chance of seeing one an-"I'll see, I'll do what I can; but

have any lessons this term.

don't make too sure. See, there is Ma dame Lacambre. Good-bye."
"Bother Madame Lacambre," said Joel furiously. "Good-bye. Do try and come for a stroll by the river this evening. Then Joel was left alone in the jos

tling crowd, with his rejected bouquet in his hand. He looked at it for a moment as if he pitied it, and then threw it on the ground to be be trampled out of recognition on the hot stones of the pavement.
"Gabrielle," said Madame Lacambre

at the earliest opportunity, "was not that the English professor with whom you were walking and talking this morning?" "It was," replied Gabrielle very

meekly.
"And I saw him offer you a bouquet. My dear girl, Adolphe would be ex-tremely annoyed if he heard about it You must remember that a very sligh foundation is enough to give a girl a character for coquetting. The man you quite familiarly. I beg you, desire you, to be more reserved and discreet in the streets."

Gabrielle was too thankful to escape without a rigid cross-examination to resent this lecture. She would have listened meekly to a much more violent tirade rather than prolong the discussion by defending herself.

When Madame Lacambre had said

her say, she closed the subject by beating a retreat.

That evening Joel wandered back ward and forward along the river-path where once or twice he had had the good fortune to meet Gabrielle strolling with her unruly charges. But on that particular occasion, though he waited for her until the stars blinked down on him unsympathetically, he waited in vain. He did not blame her even when he grew weary of his lonely trysting-place he tried to blame himself only for being so unreasonable as to expect her to keep a half promise and when he had found a hundred

good reasons for her absence he turned and took his homeward way.

This did not lead him, of necessity, past the two houses in the Faubourg that it should, as being more satisfactory to his disappointed expectations. But the outside view of closed shut-ters and doors did not prove very soothing, and the dimly lighted, silent road had a sad and depressing effect, as he thought how far and how eagerly he had travelled apparently for nothing but to realize how forelorn a man can

Presently, as he sauntered along, he heard steps and voices coming toward him, and, just where a gas lamp made recognition possible, he met a family party, of which he recognized the firs group at a glance. It consisted of the Lacambres and Amboises. Behind these walked a stranger to Joel, a short, dark man, and with him a lady, to whom he was talking eagerly, and whose hand rested on his arm. Joel's heart gave a great jump; the

gas lamps seemed to shoot out flashes of lightning to illuminate the faces of these two-the one unknown to him the other known so well. At first h almost doubted his own eyes; almost fancied that Gabrielle's face was so strongly fixed in his thoughts that hi magination was playing him a trick. They passed close by him. Apparently Sabrielle did not see him, yet he raised his hat mechanically, and then turned to look after her. "Who is it that, mon amie?" he heard the man ask. surely it was a mistake ; no man could

call Gabrielle "mon amie."
"I think it was the children's English master," came back Gabrielle's an-swer on the still night air. Joel's frame of mind that night was by no means envisble. For the matter of that, Gaorielle's was quite as little to be coveted Her one regret was that she had not written her letter breaking with her old love before she was so far on with the new. It had seemed such a formidable indertaking that she had staved it off to he last moment, and had staved it off

she did not think she could possibly nuster courage to tell him to his fac that she had played him false at the first temptation. She knew she would have to bear a torrent of reproach from him if she gave him the opportunity o reproaching her; for, though she had contrived to justify her conduct to her-self, she did not expect to succeed in justifying it to him; he was too hot-headed and romantic to listen to the arguments of prudence and common sense. She had had great difficulty in persuading him to keep his love for her a secret; he would certainly think that she ought to have told him all that had bassed between them; to have refused Monsieur Adolphe's advantageous offer, and have set herself, in oppositson to her guardians, to insist on a long, weary engagement, which might after all com

For how could she be sure that Joe would be true to her for an indefinitely without regretting that he had so ham-pered himself? She thought it more than likely that his prudence would have put an end to their romance some day, even if she had not taken the initiative.

That was the only possible end to such folly—yes, folly; it was nothing else. It was a pity one had to pay such a price for folly. If it could only be all rubbed out as it had never been! If the final word of the matter were only spoken! He looked so startled when he had met be walking with Monsieur he had met her walking with Monsieur Adolphe. He must have an inkling Well, he should know all about it to Well, he should know all about it tomorrow; if pen, ink, and paper could
settle the thing they should settle it.
And then Gabrielle put herself to bed
and tried to go to sleep; and after ahe
had tried in vain for a long time she
buried her face in her pillow and wept
bitter tears of self-reproach, without
quite knowing whether it was her past
folly or her present treachery that lay
so heavy on her mind.

CHAPTER IV.

business of importance.
The orderly looked surprised. He was quiet used to open the door to the English Professor, and to tell the young ladies subsequently that they were wanted in the "salle d'étude" but to announce him, on a by-day too, as a visitor with important business to Monsieur le Commandant was quite another matter. When he returned to the kitchen Jean speculated with Marie as to what such a visit might mean : and Marie took that occasion to tell Jean how Monsieur Shastaire had spoken to Mademoiselle and offered her roses the day before.

"Ma foi!" cried Jean. "Roses, in-deed! It is for Monsieur Adolphe to provide roses, I should say. "She refused them," said Marie with

In the mean time Joel, his heart beating in double-quick time, was pacing the drawing-room and rehearsing his opening sentences while he awaited the appearance of Gabrielle's guardian. The Commandant finished his cigarette in the courtyard, and then changed his dressing gown for his undress coat. The idea of important business with anything ailed him he told her that he the English Professor did not stimulate

his curiosity or hurry his movements. "You have known me for some time, Monsieur Amboise," Joel began as soon as the formal bowing and greeting were over. "I need not, I believe, offer you any further proofs than you have under your eyes that I am a man of re-spectable birth and education."

The Commandant bowed; not seeing

what this beginning might lead to, he maintained a discreet silence.

"Of course I am not at all a rich man," continued Joel; "indeed, if you know the amount of my salary at the college you know that I am rather a His listener bowed again, and felt

still more in the dark.
"I have mentioned my circum stances at once, Monsieur," proceeded Joel, bracing himself for the great pull, "because I do not want to mislead you or to misrepresent my position in any way. Of course, to most people it would sound very rash after what I have just said, if I go on to say that I wish to enter into an engagement-I mean an engagement to be

Monsieur Amboise opened his eyes | talk to you first.' as wide as he could, pursed up his hps, and shook his head slowly. "If you have done me the honor of coming to me for my advice," he said

project out of your head."
"Well," replied Joel ruefully,
"though your opinion is so decided and though everything depends on your opinion, I cannot take it at once. lady hasn't a penny, but she is used to being yoor; she doesn't mind poverty "It is easy for a woman not to mind

poverty," returned the other, dryly, as long as poverty doesn't make it self felt very forcibly. She would mind it fast enough when the time omes in which she has to look six times at every sou before she venture to decide whether it shall go to the butcher, the milkman, the baker, or the clothier, and when she begins to be lunned for debts which she could not

help incurring,"
"But," argued Joel, "if a woman has been trained in poverty it must with a grim smile.

mean an income if they are to be enjoyed. As to a woman's training, why, don't like to feel I have been impos she has been trained in scarcity she knows what it is, and will certainly try to marry to better herself; that is, if she has any sense. I could give you a case in point. And, as to yourself,

and a fortune."

"That is really neither here nor there," said Joel. "Of course I should not have presumed to come to talk this matter over with you if you had not had some special connection with it. have scarcely any hope of a favorable answer after what you have said; nevertheless," here Joel's heart beat so that he could hear it. "I had hoped that you would sanction my engage-ment to your niece."
"I fear, Monsieur," replied the Com-

mandant, "that your misgivings are well founded. Under no circumstances could I have approved of such an improvident arrangement. But there is a further and even more substantial barrier, of which, I should think, you can scarcely be ignorant. My niece is already engaged to be married in Octo-ber to my old friend, Monsieur Adolphe

To say that Joel was stunned by this announcement is to say very little. He had come to Monsieur Amboise fully resolved on making a desperate effort to put an end to an ambiguous position. He had reckoned that, even if her uncle refused his suit, the open ac-knowledgement that her word had been plighted to him would set her apart in some degree for him. He thought is possible he might call down the anger of the Amboises by telling the secret of their engagement, but he had never for a moment imagined that he should be met by the news that their engagement existed no longer—that it was cancelled by one more definite and more advan-

He rose from his seat and took a step forward.

It is impossible, Monsieur," he gasped, "it is impossible that she can

have given her consent; she has been coerced into saying she will marry." "Nothing of the kind, Monsieur Chester. It grieves me to see you so deeply pained, but naturally I cannot listen to any such comments on family matters which do not concern an out

Joel's throat was dry, his tongue felt too large for his mouth, his head swam, and he was not sure whether the great tears which persisted in blurring his sight were not finding their way down his cheeks.
"Can I see Mademoiselle for a mo

ment?" he asked. "I must say one word to her. I have a right to ask this "Certainly not Monsieur." As the Commandant spoke, he rose to terminate the interview. "You are speaking very unreasonably. You must pardon me, but I have an appointment which Learnest delays any longer. Take which I cannot delay any longer. Take my advice and put this matter out of your thoughts as quickly as possi-

And the Commandant bowed his angry and perplexed visitor out. Late that evening a note was sent to the Maison Amboise. It was addressed to Mademoiselle Gabrielle, and was intended to be delivered with the greatest privacy into her hand.

"My Darling," it ran, "what is this that I hear? What cruel pressure has been yet away you go

that I hear? What cruel pressure has been put upon you to make you go back from your plighted word? I shall not really believe that we are separated till you tell me yourself that you have given me up. Yours, J. C."

But the messenger blundered, and knocked at the wrong door; and the note was not delivered in Mademoiselle Gabrielle's own hands. It was handed instead to Monsieur Adolphe Lacambre. Now it is clear that Monsieur Adolphe was not devoid of honor and uprightness; still, it is easier te tell what he did than to explain how he came to do it. He opened and read the note, and

"It is very kind of you," she replied desperately, "but I must not take them; there are no doubt a dozen to be should expect to be received whenthe Maison Amboise, and Joel was not so intimate a friend of the family that he should expect to be received whenever he should present himself. Nevertheless, the day after he had spoken to dark in the less of the eye it was intended for. Gabrielle herself had been much exercised all the afternoon with the comtheless, the day after he had spoken to Gabrielle in the Grande Place, he did, after due deliberation, knock at her uncle's door and ask if he could see uncle's door and ask if he could see uncle's door and ask if he could see worship to the one quoted above, in which she set forth at great length the many good reasons she had had for acting during her worship to the one as if he did not exist.

lover's absence as if he did not exist. "Of course," she said, "her affec-tion for Monsieur Adolphe would never equal the passionate love she had given o her old lover; but then the passion had been foolish and reprehensible, while her sentiments toward Monsieur Adolphe were sanctioned by her guar-

dians," &c. When the letter had been carefully read over and sealed she carried it out and put it into the post with her own hand, so that in due time it reached poor Joel, apparently in answer to his

was done with now. She must do her best to avoid him, which would be easy enough when the college reopened; in a few weeks her marriage would put an end to the difficult situation. Her spirits rose at the thought that she had so far set herself straight; she was more inclined to be affectionate to Monsieur Adolphe than she had ever telt before. But Monsieur Adolphe seemed rather preoccupied that evening, at times even depressed; and when Gabrielle ventured to ask him if

had had a letter which had worried him. 'Nothing serious, I hope?' brielle, feeling that her fiance's worries must be her worries, too.

"I cannot say," returned Monsieur Adolphe. "I'm afraid it is serious; that is, to some one-I do not mean to If Monsieur Adolphe's eyes had been

large and beautiful instead of small and uninteresting Gabrielle might have noticed their plaintive expression as he looked into her face.
"It is a friend of mine—a man I

know very well-a person I am much attached to," he continued, with a warmth quite unusual to him, "who is in a very sad position just now. He would like me to go to Paris and be with him for the next week or so."

"And shall you go?" asked Ga-brielle, somewhat surprised to hear for the first time of a friend who had so much hold on her flance's feelings. "Oh, yes; I shall certainly go, with all possible haste. I shall take the early train to-morrow from Cahors. Perhaps I ought to have made the effort to go to-night, but I wanted to

"And who is he, this friend of yours? Have you known him a long time?' Yes, I have known him for agesnot so well as I might have known him, but as well as anybody does. He's decidedly, "it will soon be given. Unless the lady has a fortune to supply your deficit you had better put such a gave him some bad advice not long ago; that's what has brought him into trouble. You see, I must stand by

him.

upon.

"I suppose you must," replied Gabrille. "And what is there you can do for him? Is he in money-trouble, or what?"
"Well," said Monsieur Adolphe,

owering his tone and watching her closely, "it's an affair of the heart, and a very delicate matter. Naturally, know but little about such matters ind a few weeks ago I knew even less so I was a bad counsellor, and I am chiefly to blame for the hobble my friend has got himself into.' "Dear me!" exclaimed Gabrielle;
"I had no idea you had ever helped

with match-making. You do astonish "I astonished myself," he replied, "I fancied I was doing something so praiseworthy, but "It can make no difference to facts, my good sir. Food and clothing are facts, so is houseroom, and they all doing something so praiseworthy, but I wasn't. You will scarcely believe me when I say that I was totally decived. Of course in my profession, don't like to feel I have been imposed

But how were you imposed on? I can't make out clearly what the story is or what you have to do with it." "Unfortunately, I can't tell you the ease in point. And, as to yourself, if you are poor, you have—without flattery—eertain personal advantages. by which you night easily win a wife and a fortune."

"That is really neither here nor pointed in the woman I—he—that is, I persuaded him to propose to. Luckily he has found out all the mischief before it is too late, and I am going to Paris to break off his engagement for him. What he wanted falling in love so madly at his time of life I can't imagine. It will cost him many a miserable hour; but he has some sense left, and he pre fers to suffer this sharp wrench than to

tie himself for life to a woman who has no idea of truth or constancy."
"Perhaps he is right," said Gabrielle, "but I am not sure. Of course no woman can be faultless; perhaps he

"No, he isn't—no, he isn't," re-turned Monsieur Adolphe, "I told you he is rather odd, but he's quite right about this. I dare say nine men out of ten would have taken it philosophically. He is the tenth, and he "I'm awfully sorry for him," said Gabrielle. "I hope he'll soon get over

"Thank you-on his behalf. I'll tell

"And when shall you come back?"

is over severe."

him you are sorry for him. I'm sure he will value your sympathy." "And you go early to-morrow morn-Application for matriculation should be made o THOMAS ELLETT, Secretary, on or before ing ?"
"Yes," answered Monsieur Adolphe very sadly, "quite early—so I will say good-bye to-night."

"Come back—ah yes—yes—I must write to you and tell you all about that now, adieu. Then Monsieur Adolphe, who during his strictly Gallic courtship had not ventured on such a familiarity, drew Gabrielle's face toward him and press-

Gabrielle's face toward him and pressed his first and last kiss on her lips.

The promised letter from Paris was not long in coming. Its contents were very startling. This was how Monsieur Adolphe amplified his frierd's story:
You must forgive me when I confess that I was speaking in parables at our last conversation. The difficulties I spoke of were real, but the friend was imaginary. The deception was pracimaginary. The deception was prac-ticed on me in propria persona. The engagement to be broken is the one which has existed between you and me. I will bear any blame you choose to lay upon me, rather than fulfil that engagement, since I know that you were gagement, since I know that you were already bound by your own free choice when you accepted my offer of marriage. In my eyes that previous promise of yours rendered worthless any promise made subsequently to me.

A. Lacambre.

A. Lacambre.

Beyond this there was no word to show how deeply he was suffering and how cruelly he felt himself wronged by the only woman he had ever loved.

The Amboises were very angry with everybody—with Monsieur Adolphe, with Gabrielle, and with the English Professor. It was however, impossi-Professor. It was, however, impossi-ble to give vent to their anger without creeting a scandal, which they pro creeting a scandal, which they preferred to avoid. They chose, as their wisest course, to insinuate that Adolphe Lacambre had repented of his hasty engagement, and had found it impossible to give up his bachelor habits; that, perhaps, it was as well, since the match was in many ways unsuitable.

Respecting Joel's unfortunate part in the affair no word was breathed; indeed, Joel, as Professor of English at the College of St. Zite, was soon a thing of the past. Before he left the place he heard that Gabrielle's marriage to Monsieur Adolphe was not to be, but he made no effort to see her again. Once or twice, when he longed to look into her sweet, dark eyes, he took her letter—the only one he had ever received from her—and reread it, until at last he knew it by heart. But he lever answered it. Phally, Texas after wises the same with the last he knew it by heart.

ward, it was committed to the flames by no less a personage than Mrs. Joel Chester, whose maiden name does not belong to this story; nor does our chronicle go on to say what was the ultimate fate of Gabrielle Amboise.

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three boxes of CUTICURA and three bottles of
CUTICURA REMEDIESTED and three When this was done Gabrielle felt a considerable load off her mind. Joel scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of CUTIUMA and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you would have used me for \$100 you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriashs (Picture No. 2, "How to Cure Skin-Diseases"), but now I am as clear any person ever was. Through force of habit I ruo my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in awhile, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me, it thank you a thousand times. Anything more that you want to know write me, or any one who reads this may write to me, and I will asswer it.

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